

## HER LAWYERS SAY MRS. RALL IS SANE.

Appealed to Judge Gaynor to  
Get Her Out of a Private  
Sanitarium.

She Is Worth \$50,000 and Was Com-  
mitted on the Certificate of  
Her Physicians.

WORRIED OVER A SLANDER SUIT.

Counselors Towns, Who Has Known Her  
for Seventeen Years, Declares That  
While She May Be Eccentric,  
She Is Certainly Not Insane.

Mrs. Caroline S. Rall, who is said to be worth \$50,000, will be produced in the Special Term of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, this morning, on a writ of habeas corpus, got yesterday afternoon by her counsel, Messrs. Towns & McCrossin, from Justice Gaynor. Mrs. Rall was committed a few weeks ago to the Sanitarium of Dr. Welles, at No. 944 St. Mark's avenue, by Justice Clement on the certificates of Dr. J. O'Grady and Dr. R. H. Stone, who said she was unsound mentally. Mr. Towns said yesterday he did not believe his client was insane. If she was, he wanted the fact determined by a jury.

About fifteen years ago, according to the lawyer, her husband, Christian Rall, tried unsuccessfully to recover from her two pieces of property which he had deeded to her. She then obtained a separation from him, and after that managed her own property. She had a good deal of litigation.

"We were not aware until a few days ago, of Mrs. Rall's commitment," said Lawyer Towns yesterday. "My partner found her perfectly rational in conversation."

"I have known Mrs. Rall for the past seventeen years," continued Mr. Towns, "and I have never noticed anything wrong about her. Some time ago James Craven, a barber, who occupied Mrs. Rall's store at No. 119 Bridge street, began an action against her for slander, alleging that she had called him a swindler and a thief, and demanding \$25,000 damages. Craven's lawyer is Sanders Shanks. We put in an answer denying the allegation. Mrs. Rall was greatly worried about the matter, but she certainly was not insane. We did not know that some one not a blood relation had put her in an insane asylum until a few days ago, when the case of Craven against Rall was called for trial. Then we learned for the first time that she had been incarcerated."

The lawyer said Mrs. Rall was very saving, and lived on bread and water at times. She had treated her children well, however, and had given them good educations.

TO INCORPORATE THE CLUB.  
Michaux Cyclists Are to Become a More Exclusive Body.

The Michaux Cycle Club will soon be incorporated and conducted on the same method as other social clubs, with a president and board of governors. A movement has been started for that purpose, and circulars signed by three of its members, Messrs. Eliza Drer, Jr., John E. Roosevelt and Joseph Low, and the manager, William A. Haines, have been sent out, explaining the plan upon which the club will be conducted.

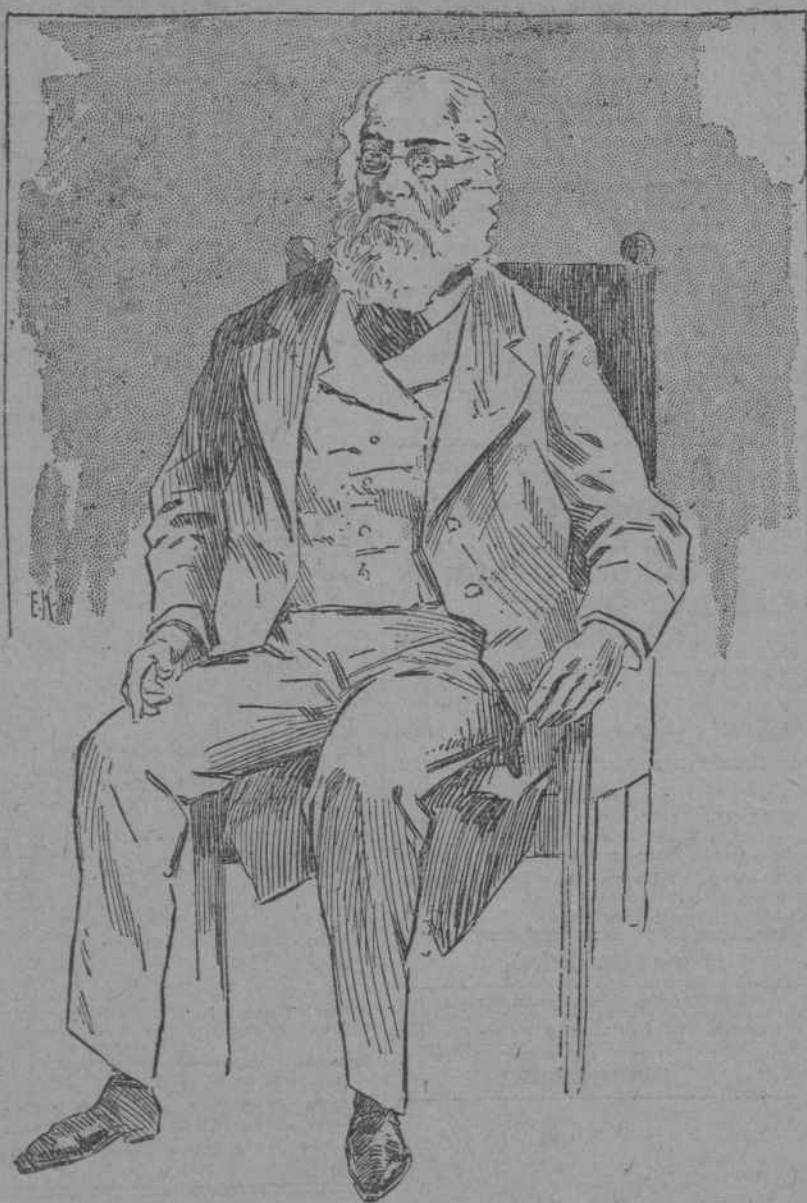
The invitations to join the new club have been accepted by many well-known society people. New members will be proposed and seconded in the usual way, thus insuring a more careful selection than is possible in a subscription organization. The club's season ended on the 1st of May, and was the most successful, both socially and financially, it has ever known.

BURIAL OF COLONEL COCKERILL.  
Interred in "Elks' Rest" by His Comrades in that Order.

St. Louis, May 21.—The body of Colonel John A. Cockerill was interred this afternoon in "Elks' Rest," in Bellefontaine Cemetery. The service was held in the Church of the Messiah, the Rev. Dr. John Snelker officiating. The funeral services were beautiful and filled the space within the church walls. At the grave Congressman Charles F. Joy delivered a eulogy and the services for the dead were performed by the local Elks lodge.

Out Baby's Throat, Then His Own.  
Mechanic Falls, Me., May 21.—Joseph Holt, a paper mill operative, killed his year-old child this morning by cutting his throat with a butcher knife. He then cut his own throat and is not expected to live. After his attempt at suicide he went in search of his wife, who had fled in terror, but was too weak to catch her. Jealousy was the cause of the tragedy.

Sheriff Gets the Y. M. C. A.  
Kansas City, May 21.—The failure of the Young Men's Christian Association branch here is announced. The board of directors transferred the personal property to George H. McCarty, an attorney, as trustee, to secure local creditors. McCarty immediately closed the Association quarters.



Isaac McLellan, a Veteran Poet.

Greenport, L. I., May 21.—Isaac McLellan, the veteran poet of this village, to-day celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He has lived for years a hermit life, but to-day was visited by many friends who congratulated him. He is in good health.

## ALDA SAILS TO-MORROW.

Novelist Crawford Well Pleased with the  
Trial Trip of the Old  
Pilot Boat.

Novelist F. Marion Crawford, who purchased the mascot of the fleet of pilot boats, the old Ezra Nye, and rechristened her Alda (reclining for "wave") is enthusiastic over the trial trip of the rejuvenated yacht which was made Wednesday off Sandy Hook. Alda will sail for the Mediterranean to-morrow. She has been fitted up at South Brooklyn.

The Nye, despite her thirty-seven years of service as a pilot boat, during which time she has been rebuilt three times, the last time in 1883, and her rather full lines, is a vessel that would attract attention anywhere. She has been thoroughly overhauled, her spars replaced and varnished, and her new sails and rigging to the Mediterranean in grand style. The old boat, from her trial yesterday, has demonstrated that she is absolutely seaworthy, and from the way she behaves it is easy to believe that she rode out the great blizzard of 1888 without mishap.

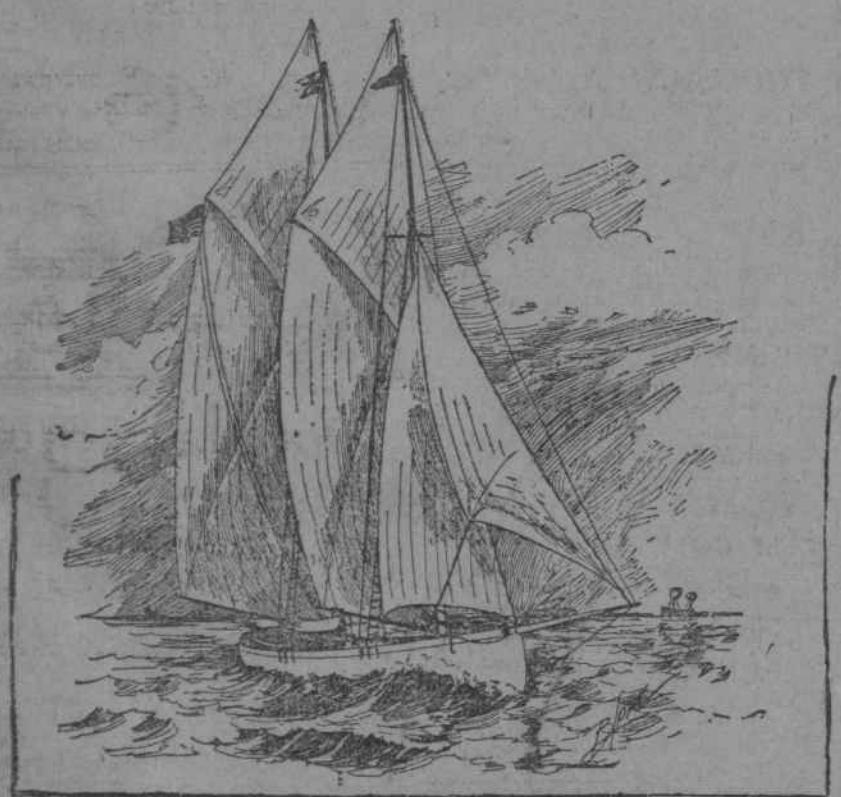
"We expect," said Mr. Crawford, "to sail on Saturday, our destination being Naples, although I will stop at the Azores for fresh vegetables and water. We will also lay to at Gibraltar, and long enough to haul our new sails and go up the Mediterranean in grand style. The old boat, from her trial yesterday, has demonstrated that she is absolutely seaworthy, and from the way she behaves it is easy to believe that she rode out the great blizzard of 1888 without mishap."

"After bending the new sails, I expect to go at once to Naples. My family is living directly opposite at Sorrento, and my wife will doubtless suggest a great many things in the decoration of the cabin, as she will be with me on my companion during the summer cruise."

Mr. Crawford is an enthusiastic yachtsman and a navigator of experience. He will sail the vessel across, but will carry in addition a sailing master, steward and a crew of four sailors. After the summer season in the Mediterranean, he may return to this country. The yacht will fly the colors of the New York Yacht Club, as well as Mr. Crawford's private signal, a blue swallow tail with white Maltese cross.

Captain Charles Burton, who commanded the Nord last season, has been engaged as sailing master for the trip across, but will return to this country by steamer. Crawford having signified his intention of retaining his old "fellow" crew for the Alda.

For a Cross-Island Trolley.  
Patterson, L. I., May 21.—Tuesday next, when the State Railroad Commissioners meet in Brooklyn, an application will be made by the Patterson and Port Jefferson Traction Company for a franchise to construct a cross-island trolley between the places named. The company have everything in readiness now, and when they secure the franchise, work will be immediately begun.



Novelist Crawford's Yacht Alda.

## HOODOO WOMAN'S CHARMS FAILED.

Laura Tried in Vain to Bring Her  
Unwilling Lover, George,  
to Her Feet.

Cayenne Pepper Sprinkled at His  
Front Door, Served Only to  
Rouse His Wrath.

THEN SHE TRIED ANOTHER CHARM.

While Cutting a Heart in a Tree at Mid-  
night, George Appeared, but He  
Spurned the Lovelorn Laura.  
Tried the Law Next.

It was a queer little story that came out yesterday in the Gates Avenue Police Court, in Brooklyn—a story of superstitions that had their birth in the shadow of African forests and were kept alive in the South, where the negroes labored on the big plantations.

Laura Searnes, a comely young negress, lived in Farview, Fairfax County, Va. There also lived George W. Stokes. The latter paid considerable attention to Laura, and they were believed to be sweethearts.

A year ago a party of negroes came North and settled in the locality known as Crow Hill. George and Laura were two of the party. The girl believed, she says, that George would marry her, but he failed to do so. Three months ago she urged him to make her his wife. He refused point blank, and her heart was nearly broken.

In her sorrow the girl sought Libby Jones, a stout, aged woman of color, whose name was known to all in the settlement. Laura promised Libby \$50, if it could be brought to her feet. The hoodoo woman, as she was known, sent Laura home, and on May 1, at midnight, crept up to the door of the little frame cottage, at No. 1015 Dean street, where Stokes lives. Silently she sprinkled cayenne pepper and herbs on his door step. Then in a wild, loud voice she began to sing:

"De debbil am de debbil,  
An' a hoodoo, too.  
An' ef yoh doo look out  
He'll hoodoo yoh!"

All the neighbors heard the song, and when they looked out their windows to ascertain its cause they saw the angry young subject of the incantations pursuing the hoodoo woman down Dean street. Old Libby escaped from him, and went to see Laura the following morning.

"I don't think dat chahm w'ked, chile," she said. "I tink yoh bettah go to a big tree neab George's house to-night, cut a heart in de bakh, stick dis yeh knife in de heart an' hang a stockin' ovah ut. Sholy dat will bring him to yoh."

So, when it was nearly midnight, Laura went to the tree, and cut down in its shadow, George, on his way home from an entertainment, walked down the street and the girl sprang upon him.

"De chahm hab w'ked," said she. "Yoh leah me alone," said George, pushing her aside and striding home. Laura sat down by the tree and began to cry.

She tried no more charms after that, but sought aid in the Charities Department. As a consequence Stokes was arrested and arraigned before Justice Hartman yesterday morning.

"Judge," he said, "I have been chased by a hoodoo doctor, who raps mysteriously at my door in the night, and sprinkles peppers on my stoop."

Laura was crying. She said she only wanted George to marry her. The Bedford police were called, and Stokes was taken to the station.

BROOKLYN POLICE TO PARADE

The Mounted Squad Will Be a Feature

of the Procession To-Morrow.

Preparations unusually elaborate have been made for the annual parade of the Bedford police this year. The special feature will be the appearance of seventy-five mounted officers.

There will be three mounted battalions in the parade. The first, the mounted squad, will be a handsome white horse. The parade will assemble at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. The procession will start at 3 o'clock. The line of march is along Bedford avenue, Lafayette street, and Broadway to Clinton, Rensselaer, and across the City Hall Plaza. Mayor Warrister and the Board of Aldermen will review the procession.

Superintendent McKelvey and Inspector MacKellar will ride at the head. Next to them will be the mounted squad, and the first battalion, in command of Inspector McLaughlin. Inspector Murphy will command the second battalion, and Inspector Brennan the third.

THREE SMALL BOYS MISSING.

Started for School Wednesday Morning

and Haven't Been Seen Since.

Three small boys are missing from their homes in East New York. They are Edward Ellis, thirteen years old; Louis Ellis, twelve years old, and William Harkins, thirteen years old. The father of the two brothers, James B. Ellis, lives at No. 209 Bedford avenue. The father of the third, James Harkins, lives on Hall avenue, near Arlington. They are very much worried over the disappearance of the youngsters.

All the boys attended public school No. 108, on Arlington street. They started for school for war nearly a week ago, on Monday morning. They did not go to school, however, and yesterday afternoon the police of Liberty Avenue were called to look for them. Mr. Ellis, who searched all night for the little fellows, learned that the boys had been seen "old man" in Jamaica Bay. It is feared they went out in a boat.

Firemen Save Four Lives.

Providence, R. I., May 21.—Members of Hook and Ladder No. 1 rescued four men from a burning building here to-day. Fire of unknown origin was discovered in the cellar of Rose Mark's loan shop, and the flames and smoke soon made their way to the second and third stories, used as a lodging house, where six men were sleeping. Two escaped without aid, after being burned on their faces, heads and hands. The firemen rescued the other four from windows.

After Falls Overboard While Asleep.  
Charles Wilson, a sailor on the tramp steamer Trump, lying at the foot of South Ninth street, Williamsburg, narrowly escaped drowning at midnight Wednesday night. He was rescued by Edward Fallon, the captain of the steam lighter G. W. St. Marks. When Wilson reached the land he lay down on the sidewalk, and the dock he lay down on the string place to sleep and rolled overboard.

Judge Snodgrass Acquitted.  
Chattanooga, Tenn., May 21.—Chief Justice David L. Snodgrass, was acquitted this morning of the charge of assault, with intent to kill John H. Beasley. The charge of carrying concealed weapons was continued till next term.

Charged with Robbing a Church.  
Egbert Enckoon was arrested yesterday, charged with having broken into the Swedish Pilgrims' Church, on Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, and stolen \$55. Enckoon is seventeen years old and lived at No. 120 Pacific street.

## A KNIFE IN HIS BREAST.

Sailor Behrens Raised His Hand to Strike  
His Shipmate Kruger and Re-  
ceived a Mortal Wound.

On the covered pier at the foot of Amity street, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, a young sailor raised his hand to strike another. Before the hand descended a sheath knife was buried to the hilt in his breast. He fell to the dock, fatally wounded.

The fight was the culmination of a series of quarrels that began when Ferdinand Kruger, a Russian, and William Behrens, a German, shipped before the mast on the steamer Ayres, at Buenos Ayres. This was two months ago. The difference of nationalities led to the ill feeling. During the voyage north there were frequent rows. Behrens is a boy of nineteen, but he is much stronger than Kruger, who is five years older.

The Ayres arrived at this port a few days ago and docked at the foot of Amity street, Brooklyn. Yesterday morning Martin Searles, the watchman of the pier, was standing at the upper end when Kruger and Behrens walked down the gangplank from the steamer's side. Both were talking angrily.

"You have ten cents belonging to me, and I want it now," explained the boy, as they reached the dock.

Kruger growled out a reply and Behrens sprang toward him with his hand uplifted. He drew his long sheath knife. He plunged it viciously into the younger man's breast. Behrens fell to the floor, and Kruger started to run.

Searles caught him and called to the policeman on the police boat. The policeman hurried to the pier and took charge of Kruger. An ambulance was summoned from the Long Island College Hospital and the injured man was removed. His wound is said to be mortal.

Kruger was locked up in the Amity Street station house, and will be arraigned to-day before Justice Tighe.

## WIFE BEGGED FOR LIFE.

Cook Was Prepared to Kill His Family  
When a Policeman Broke Into  
the Room.

Frederick Cook, thirty-one years old, is employed in one of the sugar houses along Kent avenue, Williamsburg, and lives with his wife and three children in the tenement, No. 284 North Second street. Cook is insanely jealous of his wife, who is only twenty-four years old. Of late he has been tormenting her with his evil and terrifying neighbors while he was at work.

On Wednesday while intoxicated he bought a revolver and determined to put an end to the lives of his family and then kill himself. When Cook returned home at night he was in an excited state. He unlocked the door of the apartment, he flourished the revolver and told his wife to prepare to die. She begged for her life.

When the policeman broke into the room he saw the revolver and the wife in a state of panic. He rushed to the door and locked it. He heard the prisoner's screams and rushed to the door. He saw the wife in a state of panic. He rushed to the door and locked it. He heard the prisoner's screams and rushed to the door.

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## TENANTS FEAR TO LIVE ON THE BLOCK.

Nightly Orgies and Fights Cause  
a Reign of Terror in the  
Neighborhood.

A Section on Upper Fulton Street,  
Brooklyn, in Which Women Dare  
Not Venture Out Alone.

BIG FLAT HOUSES ARE VACANT.

Noise of Patrol Wagons and Ambu-  
lances Down the Racket of Elevated  
Trains and Trolleys—Police Pro-  
tection to Be Asked.

The residents of Fulton street and Williams place, in the neighborhood of Broadway, in Brooklyn, have been circulating a petition, which has received many signatures, asking the Police Department to abate an alleged nuisance of long standing. The petition is to be sent to Superintendent McKelvey, of the Brooklyn police, asking him to assign additional men to that section, if necessary, in order to preserve the peace.

Extending through from Fulton street to Broadway, between Williams place and Alabama avenue, are a number of tenement houses and shanties. A half block of these wretched habitations is said to shelter a permanent population of 500 persons, composed mostly of Italian ragpickers and junkmen.

Every nationality is said to be represented in this colony. What the other residents of the neighborhood object to is not the nationality of the tenants, but their manner of celebrating national holidays, Sundays, feast days and week days. The daily and nightly orgies, it is claimed, are invariably accompanied with quantities of beer and torrents of profanity, and wind up in a general stabbing affray.

The other residents of the street say that they no longer notice the noise made by elevated railroads and trolley lines. That noise is drowned in the din made by patrol wagons and ambulances.

The street fighting, the profanity and the general feeling of insecurity of those who lived near by have driven many of the old residents away, it is claimed.

The big double flat house at No. 2510 Fulton street, directly opposite the Italian colony, has been vacated by every tenant except Mrs. Rae, who cares for the building. She said yesterday:

"I do not dare go out of the house at night. A woman cannot pass through this block after dark without being harassed by every step. It is not even safe in the daytime. One can hardly sleep across the street racket which those people across the street keep up. My front windows are kept closed, and the shutters closed, too. I do not care to witness and I do not want my little children to see what goes on in the yards opposite every day and night. Every tenant of this house has moved out but myself, and I am only staying here to accommodate the landlord and look out for his place."

James McCabe, who lives in the adjoining house, at No. 2514, said that the scenes enacted nightly opposite his house are disgraceful. The tenants are bad enough, he declares, but with darkness there is a steady stream of drunken men and dissolute women who gather there and dance and sing and swear and drink, and end by fighting.

Mr. McCabe is an old resident, and owns considerable property in the neighborhood. He declares that he also is obliged to keep all the shutters on the front of the house closed, and to live as much as possible in the rear rooms of his house.

"I never allow any member of my family to go out at night," he said, "unless it is absolutely necessary, and I am accompanied by them."

Fulton street is the dividing line of the Fourteenth and Seventeenth precincts. The Italian colony is in Captain Ennis's precinct, the Fourteenth, while Mr. McCabe and the other residents are in the Seventeenth.

The residents say that the side of Fulton street in the Seventeenth Precinct is fairly well policed, but that the officers are loath to interfere in suppressing disturbances across the way, because it is out of their territory. Policemen from the Fourteenth Precinct are never seen in the neighborhood, they say, except when they are summoned by telephone.

The filthy condition of the tenement and shanties is another cause of complaint. The neighbors declare that it is the cause of much sickness in that part of Brooklyn and believe that the Health Board should also interfere.

Eight Horses Destroyed by Fire.  
Port Washington, L. I., May 21.—Early this morning the barn of H. Clifton Morton was destroyed by fire. There were eight horses in the building, and they were burned. The loss will be \$5,000, which is partly covered by insurance.

DR. D'HOMERQUE APOLOGIZES.  
His Wife Withdraws Her Complaint and Will Seek Legal Separation.

Dr. Louis C. D'Homerque, the Brooklyn physician who does not believe in Theosophy, was in the Adams Street Police Court, Brooklyn, yesterday, to defend himself against the charge of assault, made by his wife Inez. Lawyer F. L. Carrao, appearing for Mrs. D'Homerque, said:

"If Your Honor please, my client desires to withdraw this complaint, because the Doctor has made an ample apology. The couple will now proceed to obtain a legal separation."

Justice Walsh dismissed the complaint.

Policeman Falls, Fugitive Escapes.  
Policeman Benson, of the Bedford Avenue Station, Williamsburg, while trying to capture a man he had seen acting suspiciously in the neighborhood of South Second street and Kent avenue, early yesterday, slipped and fell on the walk. In the fall Benson's left ankle was badly sprained. He was taken to the station and attended by an ambulance surgeon, after which he was removed to his home. The fugitive escaped.

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